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THE
FIRST FLOOR;
A FARCE.
IN TWO ACTS.

AS IT IS NOW ACTING

At the Theatre Royal in DRURY LANE,



L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR C. DILLY, IN THE POULTRY.

M.DCC.LXXXVII.

[Price 1 s.]

THE
WOODS

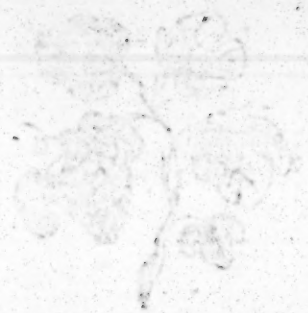
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AND

THE

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W O O D S

PRINTED AND C. BRYAN IN THE

W O O D S

W O O D S

TO

THOMAS KING, Esq;

THE FOLLOWING FARCE

IS INSCRIBED,

AS A SINCERE ACKNOWLEDGMENT

OF THE MATERIAL ADVANTAGES

DERIVED FROM HIS EXTENSIVE KNOWLEDGE

OF DRAMATIC EFFECT,

BY HIS MOST OBEDIENT

AND FAITHFUL

HUMBLE SERVANT,

*East India House,
22d January 1787.*

JAMES COBB.

A 2

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THE JOURNAL OF

JOHN C. SAMOIT

1850

1851

1852

1853

1854

1855

1856

THE Publication of THE FIRST
FLOOR affords the Author an Opportunity, of which he gladly avails himself, to express his Acknowledgments to the Performers, for the able Manner in which they exerted their Talents in Support of the Piece.

P R O L O G U E.

Written by the AUTHOR of the F^{ARCE}.

And Spoken by Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.

*WELL, here you are—expectant all, no doubt,
Guessing what this same Farce can be about.*

“ The First Floor ! La ! ” — exclaims a City Dame,

“ Upon my word, a monstrous pretty name !

“ Deary, we’ll go and see it—there are jokes,

“ Depend upon it, on low vulgar folks,

“ Who into nasty lodgings needs must pop ;

“ And can’t afford, like us, to keep a shop.”

“ Tell me, Sir Harry,” — lisps a titled fair,

“ What is this Farce—and pray who will be there ?

“ Shall one be vapour’d with their empty rows,

“ Or blest in crowds of faces that one knows ?”

“ Can’t say, ’pon onnor, Ma’am,” replies Sir Harry :

“ As for the Piece—suppose it can’t miscarry,

“ If cramm’d with jests on us, as heretofore,

“ To make the creatures in the galleries roar.

“ These First Floor Authors are quite new to me—

“ I thought they liv’d in Garrets—He ! he ! he !”

“ Lud,” — cries her ladyship, — “ I dare to say

“ This First Floor points at poor dear Lady K.

“ She sapt with we know who—we all know where—

“ Some folks have taken lodgings near the square.

“ Thus to stab characters, one’s feeling shocks—

“ John—run to Fosbrook—I must have a box.”

“ Psha !”

PROLOGUE.

*"Psha!" snarls old Quidnunc—"I'll lay five to
"four,*

"There's nought but politicks in this First Floor.

"Sly strokes at Ministers—I smell a rat—

"Botany Bay—the Treaty—and all that."

*"Done," says Jack Spruce,—“I'll bett you what
"you please,*

"They will be witty on the ladies keys :

"Or, as the last new joke their purpose suits,

"Abuse box-lobby heroes, and their boots."

*Now, while conjecture marks each sapient phiz,
I'll give you just a sketch of what it is. -*

*Our First Floor's fitted up, in hopes of striking
Those who to mirth and whim bear hearty liking :
In whom by fashion, nature, ne'er supprest,
With bursts of honest laughter greets each jest.*

*Our Floor thus lett—the graver critics scorning,
We hope our Lodgers will not give us warning.*

Dramatis Personæ.

WHIMSEY	—	Mr. BADDELEY.
MONFORD	—	Mr. WHITFIELD.
YOUNG WHIMSEY	—	Mr. R. PALMER.
TIM TARTLETT	—	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun,
FURNISH	—	— Mr. SUETT.
SIMON	—	— Mr. BURTON.
FRANK	—	— Mr. SPENCER.
SNAP	—	— Mr. JONES.
LANDLORD	—	Mr. CHAPLIN.
POSTBOY	—	— Mr. ALFRED.

W O M E N.

Mrs. PATTYPAN	—	Mrs. HOPKINS.
CHARLOTTE	—	Miss COLLINS.
NANCY	—	— Mrs. WILSON.

Memorandum:—Such parts as are marked with inverted commas are omitted in the representation.

THE

THE FIRST FLOOR.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *An Inn in London.*

Enter LANDLORD and MONFORD.

Land. **W**ELCOME to town, your honour!—a long while since I saw your honour—was saying but this very morning that it was many months since I saw my worthy master, Squire Monford.

Monf. Say so still, Landlord—for I am come to town incog, and wish to conceal my arrival here.

Land. Ah! a pair of fine eyes in the case! you have sprung all the game about the country, and now you are coming to poach on some poor fellow's manor in London.

Monf. No faith, there is no poaching in the case; I mean to take out a licence for sporting on a certain manor, call'd Matrimony.

B

“ *Land,*

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“ *Land.* Matrimony! Lord, Sir, ’tis well enough
 “ for your dog-trots—we must, to be sure, have
 “ cattle for the high road business of life; but
 “ who the devil wou’d think of running a race-
 “ horse in a post-chaise?—’tis time enough to
 “ put him in harness when he is no longer able
 “ to win a sweepstakes.

“ *Monf.* Why look’e, Landlord, I don’t think
 “ that twenty years of dissipation will qualify me
 “ the better for a husband: I look on marriage as
 “ a sort of partnership, in which I mean to en-
 “ gage whilst I can bring youth, good spirits, and
 “ a good constitution, as my share of the stock in
 “ trade: but when a pretty girl finds herself in-
 “ trapp’d into a connection with a bankrupt
 “ trader, can he be angry with her for taking
 “ measures to dissolve the partnership?”

Land. Well, your honour—and this intended
 fair partner of yours—

Monf. She is coming to town with her father,
 and will be in this house in the course of an hour
 or two.

Land. The old story, I suppose—the father
 averse to the match.

Monf. Yes, unfortunately for me—but my
 charmer has consented to a private marriage; I
 am now going in search of lodgings for us, and
 shall be with you again presently. [Exit.

Land. Ah! there he goes—as pretty a fellow,
 aye, and as good a customer, as an inn-keeper
 wou’d wish to live by—never knew him look at
 the

the items of a bill in my life—always paid it the moment he saw the sum total, and submitted to be cheated like a gentleman.

Enter SIMON.

Simon. Landlord! how are you, my boy? Come, let's have a glass [*sitting down at the table*] you are a jolly fellow.

Land. And i'faith you seem to be the same—I think it is now three days since you came to town on the Bury-fly, during which time you have scarcely been sober three hours.

Simon. Psha! psha! 'tis only my not being us'd to ride on the roof of the coach that made me giddy—a sudden exaltation may turn better heads than mine.

Land. And pray have you no business in town?

“*Simon.* None of my own.

“*Land.* But you have some of your master's?”

Simon. Yes, I have a letter from my master to his son, which I was order'd to deliver directly, but faith I forgot it; “and it don't much signify:”
“I hate to be a messenger of ill news.

“*Land.* You know the contents then?

“*Simon.* Yes, yes; my old master is coming to town to visit his son:” aye, here is the letter.—
To Mr. John Whimsey, Junior, at Mrs. Pattypan's, Pastry-cook, in Piccadilly.

Land. Hey-day! why you are not going to open your master's letter?

Simon. Certainly I will; my master wou'd make

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no ceremony in opening a letter of mine—[*reading the letter*] *Dear John, I send you this by my man Simon, who will deliver it to you immediately on his arrival in London—*

Land. And you have been here three days already.

Simon. Come, Landlord, you don't drink—here's t'ye—[*drinks.*]

I am coming to town to compleat the purchase of my neighbour Squander's estate, and shall take up my quarters at your lodgings for two or three days; I shall bring your sister with me, as I hear there is a rakish young dog, of the name of Monford, has taken it in his head to fall in love with her, and I don't chuse to trust her out of my sight.

Land. Zounds! why did not you tell me at first who was your master.—[*Aside*] If I had but known it before Monford left the house!

Simon. Why, between you and me, I am half-asham'd to own my master—he is as suspicious of every body about him, as if he had been bred a rogue himself—“a servant has not much credit in the place, I assure you.”

Land. Hey-day! here's a post-chaise come to the door.

Simon. With my master and his daughter in it, as I live.

WHIMSEY [*without.*]

Mind the portmanteau, firrah, d'ye hear, and take care none of the bundles are stolen.

[*Exit Landlord.*]

Simon. Aye, there, his suspicions are beginning already—if he has lost but a button from his coat, he'll put the postillion to his oath, and have the very horses taken before a magistrate.

“*Land.* Well, I must run, and prepare to receive him.” [*Exit.*]

“*Simon.* Yes, so must I; and with the same kind of reception—a good lye, and a smiling countenance,”

Enter WHIMSEY, CHARLOTTE, and LANDLORD.

Land. This way, Madam—this way, Sir—I hope your honour has had a good journey.

Whim. No, I have not had a good journey; I have had lame horses, and drunken drivers—duft from the road—extortion from the inn-keepers, and bad halfpence from the turnpikes.—A blight upon honesty and good manners blows from this city of London, to every point of the compass.—It is a mere ocean of knavery, with a continual spring-tide, which infects all the streams of fresh-water round the country, and makes them brackish up to their very source.

Land. 'Tis very true, your honour, travelling is very dear now.

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Whim. Dear, with a vengeance!—I remember the time when a man cou'd be choak'd upon a dusty road for seven pence a mile; but now one must pay a shilling a mile for the pleasure of being smother'd, because it is one of the luxuries of life.—[*To Charlotte.*] You have not lost your watch, have you?

Char. Oh, no, Sir, all is safe about me— [*aside*] except my heart.

Whim. My pockets were all safe when I got out of the chaise; I suppose I have hardly lost any thing since I came into the house.

Land. Lord, Sir, what do you mean?—In my house!

Whim. Egad, I don't know, friend; but there are much finer houses than yours in this town, where a man may go in with full pockets, and come out with empty ones.—But where is my rascal?

Simon. [*coming forward*] Here am I, Sir.

Whim. Well, firrah, I suppose my son and you have been laying your heads together to cheat the old fellow, when he came to town—what did he say when he read my letter?

Simon. He presents his dutiful respects, and anxiously expects the pleasure of seeing you——

Whim. Go to be buried, I dare say he does—but I'm resolv'd to live temperately, out of spite to him.—Landlord, see if the coach is come [*Exit Landlord*]. And you [*to Simon*] go and see all the luggage put safely into it— [*Exit Simon*]. Come, Charlotte, uncloud your countenance—
don't

don't tell me of having lost your heart—a young girl's heart is like a tame pigeon, let her throw it away ten times in a month, it will be sure to come back again.

Enter SIMON.

Simon. The coach is ready, Sir.

Whim. Very well, be sure then and take the number; and, d'ye hear, if there is any cordage from the trunks left, save it, Simon—though it be ever so little, it may serve to tie up something or other.

Simon. Certainly, Sir, if it is but a yard of rope—I think I should know how to apply it properly.

[Exeunt severally.]

S C E N E *Mrs. PATTYPAN's Shop.*

Mrs. PATTYPAN and YOUNG WHIMSEY.

Mrs. Patt. Upon my word, Mr. Whimsy, your behaviour is beyond all bearing—It is a disgrace to any sober family to have such a rake for a lodger.

Y. Whim. Come, come, my dear Mrs. Pattypan—thou peerless princess of all pastry-cooks—let us talk over the matter coolly.

Mrs. Patt. Talk, indeed! I'm tir'd of talking, Mr. Whimsy.

Y. Whim. I'm glad of it—I never expected you would have been tir'd of that.

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Mrs. Patt. What signifies reasoning with you? you are so thoughtless, so dissipated—keep such company, and such hours—you'll shorten your days.

Y. Whim. But then, as the old saying is, I lengthen my nights, Mrs. Pattypan, and so it comes pretty nearly to the same end.

Mrs. Patt. How often must I beg of you to quit the premises? I've given you warning every day for this month past, and you won't take it.

Y. Whim. 'Tis a common complaint against young people, that they won't take warning.

Mrs. Patt. I have put up a bill in the shop window already—A First Floor to be let furnished—it will not long remain empty, I dare say—nay, a gentleman was here just now to view the apartments.

Y. Whim. You take equal care of your lodgings as of your heart, I perceive, Mrs. Pattypan—you let nothing of yours remain long unoccupied—I think your late husband has been dead about two months, and you are now preparing for the reception of a second.—

Mrs. Patt. Who do you mean, Sir?

Y. Whim. I mean your apprentice, Tim Tartlett; and a very good choice too, let me tell you, Mrs. Pattypan, he has serv'd his time to his master's business—and, I dare say, you will find him a very useful partner—But I see him coming, and I won't interrupt a love conversation.

Mrs. Patt. I understand your sneers, Sir. But
I hope,

I hope, before you quit the house, you mean to discharge your debts—you are pretty much in my books.

Y. Whim. That is owing to my great respect for you—I hope I shall never be out of your books—Adieu, my dear old girl! If I can't get a bed elsewhere—perhaps I may pop in here—so you'll let your maid Nancy sit up for me. [Exit.

Mrs. Patt. Impudent fellow!

Enter TIM TARTLETT.

Oh, your servant, Sir; ready drest, I see, for going abroad; you are always gadding, Tim Tartlett.

Tim. Lord, Mistrefs! why, you are always scolding one for taking a little harmless recreation—you know I loves to see life—because vy, 'tis so agreeable.

Mrs. Patt. Well, Sir, and is there nothing due to me for my attention to you? What do you think made me take you from your father's poor hovel in the country, and place you in my own family?

Tim. I'm sure I can't tell, Mistrefs; you must know best.

Mrs. Patt. Hav'n't I put money in your pocket, and made a gentleman of you?—have not I taught you breeding?

Tim. Very true.

Mrs. Patt. Have not I at length resolv'd to
make

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make you master of my shop, my fortune, and myself?

Tim. But then you won't let me be my own master.

Mrs. Patt. Your own master, indeed!—then you wou'd be ruin'd presently.

Tim. Vell, and if so be I vas, what then? Vy there's some of the great folks, that pass in their strip'd coaches and pheatons, and look as fine as a king on a twelfth-cake—our Nancy says they have been ruin'd for some years—and yet, i'cod, they seem as gamesome and airy as if nothing had happen'd.

Mrs. Patt. Our Nancy, indeed!—there is another of your follies; always laughing and hallooing with that trapes in the shop, as if you were mad.

Tim. Vy, I can't help toying with her a little now and then, she is such a merry humourfome foul.

Mrs. Patt. The trollop shall not stay within my doors—Oh, Tim, Tim! I wish you had pride enough to keep such wretches at a distance.

Tim. Vy, so I have sometimes—I can be as proud as Old Scratch to our journeymen and the shop-boy—but when I looks at a pretty girl, Lord, mistress, all my pride melts away, like our ice-cream in the sunshine.

Mrs. Patt. Don't provoke me, Timothy—I declare—

* Enter

Enter MONFORD.

Monf. The card in your shop-window informed me, Madam, that you have a First Floor to let ready furnish'd.

Mrs. Patt. Yes, Sir; and as pretty a floor, tho' I say it—will you please to look at the rooms?

Monf. I have seen them already.

Mrs. Patt. Oh! you are the gentleman who call'd just now, while I was out.

Monf. I only wish to know, whether I can take possession of the lodgings this afternoon?

Mrs. Patt. This hour, Sir, if you please.

Monf. I expect my sister from the-country this evening; and as I cannot accommodate her at my chambers, am oblig'd, at this short notice, to take lodgings.

Mrs. Patt. Very well, Sir.

Monf. I am now going to the place where she will arrive, to leave a card of your shop, and shall be back time enough to receive her. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Patt. Short and sweet, indeed!

Tim. I wonder vether his sister is a comely girl?

Mrs. Patt. What is that to you, Sir?—Do, be so good as to send your favourite Nancy to me immediately—we must get every thing in order for the lady.

Tim. If she has but black eyes!—I likes black eyes monstrously.

Mrs. Patt. Never to ask the price of the lodgings!—I declare I can't tell what to make of him.

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Tim. I'cod you'll make a pretty penny of him before you have done with him, I warrant.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *a Room in Mrs. Pattypan's House.*

Mrs. PATTYPAN discovered.

Mrs. Patt. Bless me, what a litter this room is in!—I shall be ashamed for the young lady to see it.

Enter NANCY.

Nancy. Ma'am, here is one of the oddest old gentlemen below; all we can get out of him is, that these are his son's lodgings, and he will come up stairs.

Mrs. Patt. His son's lodgings!

Nancy. There is a young lady with him, Ma'am.

Mrs. Patt. Oh! the sister of my new lodger, undoubtedly—shew them up immediately.

Nancy. They are shewing themselves up, Ma'am—here they are, [Exit.

Enter WHIMSEY and CHARLOTTE.

Whim. Ma'am, your most obedient—I find my son has taken lodgings here—I presume you are Mrs. Pattypan.

Mrs. Patt. At your service, Sir.

Whim. Then we are all right—and so you are welcome to your brother's lodgings, Charlotte—

Mrs.

Mrs. Patt. That you are, Madam, I'll be sworn—Your brother seem'd very anxious for your arrival, he will be home soon.

Enter SIMON with a Portmanteau.

Whim. There, Sirrah, put the portmanteau in the corner—one shou'd always have an eye to one's property. “*[To Mrs. Patt.]* Well, Mrs. Pattypan, what do you think of my son—how d'ye like him for a lodger?”

Mrs. Patt. “Indeed, Sir, he seems to be a mighty civil, agreeable young gentleman—quite the reverse of my late lodger—a dissipated good-for-nothing—but” give me leave to shew you the apartments, Ma'am.

Whim. Mrs. Pattypan, let us have tea as soon as you can—I am rather fatigued with my journey. *[Exeunt Mrs. Pattypan and Charlotte.]* *[Whim. solus.]* I'faith, I like Jack's lodgings mightily—here are all the pictures I gave him, and the library of books—he has taken great care of them, I see—all look as good as new; and not a volume displac'd—he is a careful reader, I dare say—I shall fancy myself quite at home among my old acquaintance. *[Looking round]* But who have we here?

MONFORD *[speaking as he enters]*

Let me know the moment the lady comes.

Whim. [Aside] Some friend of my son's, I suppose

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suppose—[*to him*] Sir, your most obedient—very pretty apartments, Sir.

Monf. Yes, Sir—I don't dislike them.

Whim. I beg, Sir, you will be seated.

Monf. Sir, I, I—[*Aside*] I see you don't wait for the same invitation.

Whim. What d'ye think of those pictures, Sir?—they are reckon'd pretty good.

Monf. They seem to be very fine, indeed, Sir.

Whim. Very glad you like 'em—I bought 'em—Indeed I partly furnish'd this room.—[*Rings the bell*]

Monf. Furnish'd the room!—[*Aside*] Some upholsterer, egad!

Enter FRANK.

Whim. Let me have a pair of slippers, my lad, directly—I long to be out of my boots [*Exit Frank*] Nothing so pleasant as to be perfectly at one's ease—that's my opinion—

Monf. So I perceive, Sir!—[*Re-enter Frank, Whimsy pulls off his boots.*]

Whim. I expect my son presently—You'll stay to tea, Sir?—

Monf. Ha! ha! ha! I believe I shall, Sir.—[*Aside*] A most impudent old fellow this seems to be.

Whim. [*Aside*] Believe I shall—he might as well have said, thank ye.

Frank. [*Aside*] A curious acquaintance my master seems to have pick'd up— [Exit.]

Monf. Sir, I should be exceedingly sorry to be guilty of any rudeness to you—but I apprehend you

you are not apprized who has taken these lodgings.

Whim. Oh yes, I am, Sir.

Monf. In short, I expect my sister from the country every moment; and perhaps the presence of a third person might not be quite agreeable to her.

Whim. Oh, as to that, I expect my daughter every moment too, and we may all drink tea together. [*Tea brought in by Nancy*].—[*To Nancy*] Do tell my daughter to make haste. [*Exit Nancy*].—[*Aside*] There can be no harm to invite him, as he is a friend of Jack's.—May I ask your name, Sir?

Monf. Monford, Sir.

Whim. [*Aside*] Monford!—the very fellow who wants to run away with Charlotte!

Enter FRANK.

Frank. [*Aside to Monford*] Miss Whimsy is now in the house, Sir.

Monf. In the house!—Here, Frank, kick this damn'd portmanteau down stairs [*Frank offers to take it, but Whimsy prevents him*] You must really pardon me, Sir—any other time I shall be glad to see you. [*Attempting to force Whimsy out.*]

Whim. Zounds, Sir! What d'ye mean by that?

Enter CHARLOTTE. Monford catches her in his Arms.

Monf. My Charlotte! am I indeed so blest as
to

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to hold you in my arms again!—[*to Whimsey*] Give me leave, Sir, to introduce you to my sister.

Char. [*Aside*] Good heavens! what an adventure!

Whim. A fine girl, Mr. Monford—Pray are you both by the same father?

Monf. Sir!

Whim. I am sure, till this moment, I did not know I could boast of such a hopeful offspring as you. [*Exit Frank.*]

Char. Hear me, my dear father.

Monf. [*Aside*] His daughter!—a curse on my unlucky stars!

Whim. Don't be disappointed, young man—you have had a devilish lucky escape in missing my daughter, I assure you—for not a shilling wou'd I have given her, had she thrown herself away on you.

Monf. [*Aside*] What the devil shall I say?

Whim. I suppose you are muttering curses against the old fellow, because he won't suffer you to hum him—come, use no ceremony—let me hear what I am.

Monf. [*Aside*] I have it—You are, Sir, indeed a friend.

Whim. For depriving you of your wife—that is indeed the part of a modern friend.

“ *Monf.* I thank you for your candour—you have discover'd to me my mistake.

“ *Whim.* You expected then that the old codger wou'd have whimper'd a little, join'd your hands,

“ hands, and have given you half his fortune, for
“ making a fool of him.”

Monf. “ I own it—but I see ‘I was in an error.’” Miss Charlotte, I thought you were a woman of fortune—your father has convinc’d me that you will no longer be such, if you marry me; I shou’d therefore be guilty of the greatest injustice in wishing to sacrifice your happiness to the gratification of my passion.

Char. Sir—you—you are perfectly in the right—I feel the delicacy of your conduct—and—you may be sure I approve it. [*Exit Charlotte.*]

Whim. Give me your hand, Monford—Egad, I begin to think you are a devilish sensible fellow.

Monf. Between you and I, Mr. Whimsy, it won’t do for younger brothers, like me, to fall in love.

Whim. Certainly not. It may well be call’d *falling* in love. ’Tis in truth a false step, and many a man, who has once met with the accident, has found the ill effects of it ever afterwards.

Monf. Right, Sir; suppose now you were to commend me to a wife—a rich widow, for instance.

Whim. Eh! why what say you to the lady of this mansion, Mrs. Pattypan?—My son Jack tells me, in his letters, she is worth a round sum.

Monf. A good thought, Sir; with your permission, I’ll step to Miss Whimsy, and tell her my resolution of courting the old lady directly.

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Whim. Don't trouble yourself—I'll step to Miss Whimsy myself; and return immediately, to have a little more talk with you on the subject. Od'fo! but while I am looking after my daughter, I may lose my portmanteau. [*Exit Whimsy, and drags off his portmanteau.*]

Enter FRANK.

“*Frank.* So, Sir, you are in a fine hobble here;
“ this old man is the father of your mistress.

“*Monf.* Even so, Frank—luckily a thought
“ occurred to me, which I flatter myself has put
“ him off his guard—I have pretended to give
“ up his daughter, and pay my addresses to the
“ old pastry-cook below stairs.

“*Frank.* Lord, Sir, this scheme is too absurd
“ to pass on any man, however credulous he may
“ be.”

Monf. “ To be sure—but” if I can make him believe this absurdity but for a few hours, all may yet be well—I think I can easily find means to convey my dear girl out of the reach of her father's power this evening.—Go instantly, Frank, and order a chaise to be at the corner of the street exactly at twelve o'clock. [*Exit Frank.*]

Enter Mrs. PATTYPAN.

Mrs. Patt. Sir, your most obedient humble servant.—I did not understand that you expected your father in town.

Monf.

Monf. Nor I neither, Madam.—[*Aside*] So I must pass for the old fellow's son, I find.

Mrs. Patt. I hope, Sir, you like the lodgings, and don't think them dear at three guineas a week.

Monf. Certainly not.

Enter WHIMSEY.

Mrs. Patt. Aye; I knew we should agree, Sir, Ha! ha! ha!

Whim. Egad, he has put the question to her.—[*Aside*] Monford, I perceive you have begun the attack.

Monf. And have conquer'd too—only don't interrupt me in my victory.

“*Whim.* Not I—you may say what you will before me.

“*Monf.* Aye; but the lady won't care to speak before you. Pray now, Sir, leave us to ourselves.”

Mrs. Patt. [*to Whim.*] Your servant, Sir, we had come to terms before you came in.

“*Whim.* Oh, you had.

“*Mrs. Patt.* Yes; we were proceeding to settle every thing.”

Whim. Then I am sure I wont interrupt you; and so good bye.—[*Aside*] I'll take the liberty of listening to their conversation, however—nothing but the evidence of my own ears can remove my suspicions.

[*Exit.*

Monf. Don't mind my father, Mrs. Pattypan, old folks have their peculiarities.

Mrs. Patt. True, Sir—I dare say it will be the same with you and I, when we grow old.—[*Enter Whimsy, and retires to the back scene*] But, however, to return to business—right reckoning makes long friends, as I us'd to tell my first husband—

Monf. Aye, I dare say we shall be very happy together.

Whim. [*Aside.*] Happy together!

Mrs. Patt. I presume, Sir, you generally dine out.

Monf. Constantly.

Whim. [*Aside.*] Zounds, that's odd enough! not to dine at home, during the honey-moon at least.

Mrs. Patt. And you keep good hours, I hope, Sir.

Monf. Oh, yes, you'll always find me in bed by twelve o'clock.

Whim. [*Aside.*] That's a material article.

Monf. I think you have no family, Mrs. Pattypan?

Mrs. Patt. No, Sir, I never had any yet—but as I think of altering my situation, it may happen that—

Monf. I understand you—but that will make no sort of difference to me.

Mrs. Patt. Indeed! I am very happy to hear it—for you know, Sir, some gentlemen have an objection to children.

Whim.

Whim. [*Aside*] Egad there can be no deceit in all this—it will be a match, I see that—[*coming forward*] [*aloud*] I wish you both joy with all my soul—don't be confus'd, Mrs. Pattypan—you know this is n't the first bargain of the sort you have struck.

Mrs. Patt. Oh dear, no, Sir; nor I hope it will not be the last.

Whim. [*Aside*] D—d good encouragement for a man to venture on her. I suppose she expects to bury two or three husbands yet.

“*Monf.* [*Aside to Whim.*] Well, Sir, what do you say to all this?

“*Whim.* [*Aside*] Why—why—why—you are a bold man, that's all—[*Aloud.*]” Come, as it is a bargain, take hands on it—take hands—nay, salute her—come, kiss her, my boy.

“*Mrs. Patt.* [*Aside*] My boy!—the old gentleman seems mighty fond of his son.

“*Monf.* [*Aside*] Egad I wish this ceremony were well over, I shall never be able to carry on the farce. [*Salutes her.*]

“*Whim.*” [*joining their hands*] May you live long together, and may no domestic quarrels obtrude on your happiness!—May you, Mrs. Pattypan, be furrounded by a numerous and lovely offspring!

Mrs. Patt. [*Aside*] A numerous offspring!

Monf. Pray, my dear Sir, drop the subject—you see it distresses her; and you know one must consult a woman's feelings on some occasions.

22 THE FIRST FLOOR:

Whim. Certainly ! certainly !

Monf. I am sure I shou'd be sorry to hurt Mrs. Pattypan's delicacy.

Whim. So shou'd I—when a woman has but just enough left for her immediate use, it wou'd be cruel indeed to damage that—I'll change the subject, Monford, depend upon it. [*He converses with Mrs. Pattypan in dumb shew.*]

Enter FRANK.

Frank. [*Aside to Monf.*] Sir, it is an impossibility for you to procure an interview with Miss Charlotte.

Monf. Impossible, Frank !

Frank. Absolutely so—she is so closely watched—but I've engag'd one in your interest, who will take any message to her for you. No less a person than Mr. Timothy Tartlett.

“ *Monf.* But how can he assist me ?

“ *Frank.* By communicating to your mistress
“ any message you wish ; he will never be sus-
“ pected.”

Monf. Not a bad thought, i'faith.

Frank. He is waiting to speak to you below stairs—slip away from the old gentlemen directly.

Whim. Now, what the devil can they be whispering about ?—I always suspect a man to be a rogue when I see him whisper. [*Whimsy interrupts, and looks anxiously at them.*] Eh ! why you have not chang'd your mind as to matrimony, have you ?

[*Exit Frank.*

Monf.

Monf. Not in the least, I promise you, Sir—I am now going on some business which, I flatter myself, will hasten the match, and a few hours will, I hope, cure all your suspicions. [*Exit.*]

Whim. Egad, tho', I'll ask the old woman some questions about him; there can be no harm in that.—Pray, Mrs. Pattypan, if I don't hurt your delicacy by the question, how long may you have been acquainted with this young man whom you are going to marry?

Mrs. Patt. [*Aside*] Young man whom I am going to marry! how the deuce cou'd he hear of my intending to marry Tim Tartlett?

Whim. You'll excuse my curiosity—but pray is not he rather wild?

Mrs. Patt. [*Aside*] Yes, yes—he means Tim.—[*to him*] Why, Sir, I fear he is rather flighty—he has his little gallantries.

Whim. Look ye, Mrs. Pattypan—as to his little gallantries, as you call them, perhaps I know more of the matter than you do.

Mrs. Patt. Dear Sir, you awaken my curiosity.

“ *Whim.* But, really, when I consider how disagreeable a task it is to interfere between man and wife—for such I consider you to be—

“ *Mrs. Patt.* 'Tis very true, Sir—in all the quarrels that I had with my poor dear soul that's dead and gone (and many they were) we never admitted any body to interfere, but fought them out by ourselves.

24 THE FIRST FLOOR:

“ *Whim*. However, on this occasion, my friend-
 “ ship for you overcomes every other considera-
 “ tion.”—In a word, your intended husband has
 made love to my daughter.

Mrs. Patt. What do I hear! I shall certainly
 faint.

Whim. [*attempting to support her*] For Heaven’s
 sake don’t faint yet, for I can’t support you, upon
 my soul.

Mrs. Patt. An ungrateful fellow!—who owes all
 he has in the world to me!

“ *Whim*. Then, of course, all he has in the
 “ world ought to be at your disposal: but he
 “ did n’t own to me that he was even acquainted
 “ with you.

“ *Mrs. Patt*. I have been a mother to him.

“ *Whim*. Perhaps he thought you fitter to be his
 “ mother than his wife.

“ *Mrs. Patt*.” Oh, Sir, it is not to be repeated
 what I have done for that young man.

Whim. If it is not to be repeated, I’m sure I
 don’t wish to hear it, Mrs. Pattypan.—But, be-
 tween you and me—I suspect the girl is fond of
 him.

“ *Mrs. Patt*. Fond of him!

“ *Whim*. Indeed I don’t wonder at it—he is a
 “ handsome dog.”

Mrs. Patt. He is, to be sure, a likely young
 fellow—not that I consider his person—the mind
 is my choice—what are fine eyes—flowing locks
 —brilliant complexions?—

Whim

Whim. [*interrupting her*] Mighty pretty things to look at, Mrs. Pattypan—[*Aside*] Tho' you never found them in your glafs.

Mrs. Patt. But what are they, compared to the beauties of the mind?

Whim. Faith, I don't know—Comparifons are odious, and therefore I ſhan't attempt them.

Mrs. Patt. Beauty is but ſkin deep—

Whim. [*Aside*] Then i'faith your ſkin conceals it more effectually than any ſkin I ever ſaw in my life.

Mrs. Patt. But pray, Sir, how did you firſt diſcover this affair?—tell me all the particulars—

Whim. I would, if I had thought of it a little ſooner—but for aught I know, at this moment your ſcape-grace may be explaining to my daughter ſome particulars of which I ſhou'd wiſh her at preſent to remain ignorant—ſo it behoves me to look about me. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Patt. [*Sola.*]—Why, here they come!—yes, to be ſure!—Madam ogles, and ſimpers; how ugly ſhe looks when ſhe ſmiles!—

[*Retreats to the back of the ſtage.*

Enter CHARLOTTE and TIM.

Char. And what time is the chaiſe to be ready?

Tim. At twelve o'clock, Miſs—that was the time Squire Monford fix'd. Ah! how he'll be in the fidgets!—I know what it is to be a true lovier myſelf, as our Nancy can witneſs.

Char.

26 THE FIRST FLOOR:

Char. Oh! Mr. Timothy, I own to you my courage fails me, now I come to the point.

Mrs. Patt. [*Aside.*] I think your Ladyship seems to have a pretty good share of courage, to come to the point so soon.

Tim. As to the matter of that, Miss, as I told you before, I am as much in love as you are—

Mrs. Patt. [*Aside.*] A mutual declaration of love!

Tim. Never mind—by this time to-morrow you'll be out of your father's reach.

Mrs. Patt. [*Aside.*] Gracious me! he is going to elope with her!

Tim. How the old gentleman vill storm!

Char. You know, as people grow in years, their sentiments of love affairs naturally change.

Tim. E'cod tho'—that is not the case with old Mistrefs.

Mrs. Patt. Old Mistrefs, indeed!

Tim. By all accounts she is just as loving now as she was thirty years ago.

Mrs. Patt. [*Aside.*] His ears shall pay for this.

Tim. If the old girl was to hear me, now—what wou'd she say to it! Ha! ha! ha!—Well, Miss, I'll take my leave of you till twelve o'clock. I'm just a going to make merry with a few friends for an hour or two—I'll take care that you shall have an excellent chaise, and as good a pair of horses as ever pass'd Hyde-Park Corner.

Char. Many thanks to you, kind Mr. Timothy.

Tim.

Tim. Courage, Miss—true love endures to the end, as the song says. And so a fig for your father and old Mother Pattypan.

[*Exeunt Charlotte and Tim.*

Mrs. Patty. [*Coming forward.*] Old Mother Pattypan! Old!—I shall run mad! What a plot!—'Tis lucky, however, I have discover'd it—I'll take care there shall be no elopement.—Old, indeed!—and too loving!—I don't know what the deuce the fellows wou'd have; when we are young, we are not half loving enough, forsooth!—and when a few years have taught us how to remedy the defect, they treat our improvement with contempt!

[*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE, *a room in Mrs. PATTYPAN'S house,
with two windows in the back scene.*

Enter YOUNG WHIMSEY and NANCY.

Y. Whim. **A**H! my dear little Nancy—how lucky I am, to meet with you alone.

Nancy. I wish then, Sir, you would leave me alone as you found me: upon my word, Mr. Whimsy, I'll tell my mistress how rude you behave.

Y. Whim. Pray don't, my dear—she will want to try my rudeness herself.—By the bye, where is the old woman?

Nancy. At a neighbour's over the way—you know she is as jealous as Old Scratch of poor Mr. Timothy, and so she means to watch his coming home.

Y. Whim. Oh! ho! then she is out [*aside*] so much the better.—[*to her*] Nancy I want to give you a little good advice—step into my room with me, and—

Nancy. Into *your* room! you have no room in this house, Mr. Whimsy; we have let the lodgings.

Y. Whim. Let the lodgings! with all my furniture in them!—

Nancy. Pay what you owe, and you may have your furniture.

Y. Whim. Death, and—but I can't stay to be in a passion—and so the lodgings are let?

Nancy. Aye—there is an old gentleman, and one of the sweetest young ladies—

Y. Whim. A young lady!—Egad I must see her.

Nancy. And give *her* a little good advice too, eh?

Y. Whim. To be sure—nobody better qualify'd than myself to give good advice—I have receiv'd a great deal more than I make use of; and, as I scorn to be a miser, am ready to give it away to any one who will take it.

Nancy. Bless me, here comes Mr. Furnish, the upholsterer, who has been so often after you with his bill, and our neighbour, Mr. Snap, the bailiff, with him, I vow.

Y. Whim. Furnish! that is the man to whom you have denied me so often—What shall I do—he never saw me, I believe?

Nancy. Never.

Y. Whim. Then I fear nothing. However, a little disguise of my dress may not be amiss—here is an old lac'd hat, and a morning-gown, which I guess, from its antique appearance, belongs to your old lodger.

Nancy.

Nancy. Yes; his servant has just been unpacking his portmanteau.

Y. Whim. Then on they go—in cases of necessity one cannot stand upon punctilio.

[*Putting on the hat and morning gown.*

Enter FURNISH.

Nancy. Your servant, Mr. Furnish; I suppose you want Mr. Whimsy?

Furn. Yes, my dear, I own a part of my business is with him.

Nancy. I'll go and see if he's at home. [*Exit.*

Furn. You may save yourself that trouble, my dear: I am pretty sure he is within.

Y. Whim. I think, Sir, Mr. Whimsy is indebted to you for the furniture of a house, taken by a very fine girl, who referr'd you to him for payment—I have read many of your letters to him.

Furn. Yes, Sir—a number of letters pass'd between us.—I suppose I have received a quire of paper from him at different times; and egad that is all I ever receiv'd from him.—You are his friend, I presume, Sir?

Y. Whim. I am partial to him, I own; tho' I confess he has been duped by women.

Furn. That I can pardon, Sir: Gallantry has always been a part of *my* business.

Y. Whim. Rather a small part of your business at present, I shou'd think, Mr. Furnish.

Furn.

Furn. But you were speaking of Mr. Whimsy, Sir;—I fear the poor gentleman is much distressed.—Ah, Sir, there is no putting an old head on young shoulders.

Y. Whim. And, really, if that cou'd be done, I don't think it wou'd be any great addition to a man's appearance.

Furn. I dare say you wou'd take pleasure in affording him relief.

Y. Whim. That I wou'd, I assure you.

Furn. Mine is not a large bill [*giving him the bill*] and I believe I cou'd afford to make a small abatement in it—a trifling sum will save an unhappy youth from disgrace.—Consider the exquisite luxury of a feeling mind in relieving distress—consider that generosity is part of the business of man.—Consider compassion—[*Y. Whim. shakes his head.*] You won't pay the bill—then come in Mr. Snap, and do your duty—follow me, and arrest him directly.

Enter SNAP.

Y. Whim. Hey-day! what's become of the exquisite luxury of a feeling mind in relieving distress?

Furn. It may do very well for people of fortune; but a tradesmen shou'd never indulge in luxury.

Y. Whim. Consider, generosity is part of the business of man.

Furn. And a d—d losing trade it is—therefore it shan't be a part of *my* business.

Y. Whim. Ha! ha! ha! egad, Furnish, you are very right not to engage in a business where you have no stock in trade to begin with.

Enter NANCY.

Nancy. [*Aside to Y. Whim.*] Lud, Mr. Whimsy, here is the old gentleman our lodger coming this way in a confounded huff about something.

Y. Whim. [*Aside to Nancy.*] I'm very glad of it; I'll have a little sport with the old boy—and engage him with Furnish whilst I get a peep at the young lass.—[*to Furn.*] My dear Furnish I've been jesting with you hitherto I assure you.—So far from meaning to be young Whimsy's advocate, I wou'd advise you to arrest him by all means.

Nancy. [*Aside.*] What can he mean now?

Y. Whim. Let your friend, Mr. Snap, retire for a minute, and I'll explain myself.—[*Exit Snap.*] Between you and me, he is now here in disguise.

Furn. Here! where?

Y. Whim. You will see the old fellow presently—Nancy tells me he is coming this way—

Nancy. Ha! ha! ha! I wish I dar'd laugh out.

Furn. Old fellow! Why I thought he was not above two-and-twenty.

Y. Whim. Very true; but in his present disguise he appears thrice that age.

Furn. His present disguise!

Y. Whim. To deceive his creditors is, as you call

call it, a part of *his* business. He wears as many different sorts of wigs in a month as a barber's block; and all Monmouth-street can scarcely supply him with a sufficient change of wardrobe.

Furn. Egad, he must be a comical dog!—I shall be ready to laugh in his face.

Nancy. Here he comes; I vow.

Y. Whim. Aye, here he is—[*aside.*] Eh!—what the devil—my father, by all that's whimsical!

Furn. What's the matter, Sir?—You are not going?

Y. Whim. No, no, Sir;—only if Mr. Whimsy shou'd discover that I have told you this—a disagreeable altercation might ensue.

[*Goes to the corner of the scene.*]

Enter OLD WHIMSEY, with open letters in his hand.

Whim. What an extravagant dog is this son of mine!

Furn. [*Aside to Y. Whim.*] His son!—so he pretends to have a son:—that's a devilish good thought, i'faith.

Whim. Egad it is lucky I broke open his letters and discovered his tricks. But I'll make him pay for all this when he comes home.—[*turns and sees Nancy.*] Ah! my little blossom of beauty, are you there?—[*Aside.*] To spend two hundred pounds upon a painted doll in three months!—[*to her*] Why, you look mighty pretty to-night, child! but what the devil are you tittering about?

D

Nancy.

34 THE FIRST FLOOR:

Nancy. Dear, Sir, I don't know—I'm in a merry humour, that's all.

Whim. Ah! you dear little—Egad I'm in a merry humour too.—No,—I lye, I'm not merry—*[Aside]* That scoundrel Jack—I'll disinherit him.—*[to her]* Well, my little dear, and how d'ye do? the slut fires me—but then again that dog Jack fires me—so that I'm in a manner between two fires.

“ *Nancy.* You seem in a flutter, Sir.

“ *Whim.* Yes, my love, I am in a flutter—

“ *[Aside.]* That spendthrift!—What eyes she has!

“ —He must have his wench, forsooth!—the dog
“ has no excuse for his fault!—There is no resist-
“ ing that girl, i'faith.

“ *T. Whim.* *[Aside.]* Well said, Philosophy at
“ threescore.

“ *[Just as Old Whimsy is going to take Nancy's
“ hand, Furnish comes forward.]*”

Furn. *[Aside]* Aye! aye! his young blood begins to boil—Mr. Whimsy, I kiss your hand.—

Nancy. A lucky release.

[Exit Nancy and T. Whim.]

Whim. Sir, your humble servant—You really have the advantage of me in knowing me.

Furn. Yes, Sir, I really deem it an advantage, and hope to avail myself of it—My name, Sir, is Furnish.—*[Aside.]* Who the deuce would think he is but two-and-twenty years old!—I hope you have had your health lately, Sir?

Whim. Very well, I thank ye; I have not been better for these forty years past.

Furn.

Furn. [*Aside.*] Forty years past!—And then his coat—a devilish smart coat, to come from Monmouth-street.

Whim. Why, you seem to be mighty well acquainted with me, Mr. Furnish.

Furn. Ha, ha, ha! I know you, Sir, by name, to be sure; and I believe I can form a nearer guess at your age than any one would do merely from your appearance.

Whim. [*Angrily.*] Eh! well, Sir, and how old do you suppose I am, then?—Damme, d'ye take me for threescore, you blockhead.

“*Furn.* Not I, upon my soul, Sir.

“*Whim.* [*Less angry*] Then I suppose you think me near fifty.

“*Furn.* Nothing like it, I assure you.

“*Whim.* Perhaps then, my good friend, you imagine me to be about forty.”

Furn. Indeed I do not, Mr. Whimsy.

Whim. [*Shaking hands with him.*] Nay, nay, my dear fellow, 'tis impossible you can suppose me to be much under fifty; ha, ha, ha!

Furn. Egad but I do tho', ha! ha! ha!—
[*aside.*] How well he counterfeits the laugh of an old man! [*both laugh some time.*]

Whim. Upon my soul, Furnish, you are a mighty pleasant fellow.

Furn. I believe I am—I make it a part of my business to be pleasant—but there is another part of my business which I must not forget—I have a small bit of paper here—a little slip, which I

36 THE FIRST FLOOR:

must trouble you to look over [*giving him a bill.*]

Whim. Certainly—I am always ready to look over the little slips of my friends, Mr. Furnish—let me put on my spectacles.

Furn. [*aside*] Spectacles, too! he carries on the joke rarely.

Whim. [*reading*] *John Whimsey, Esquire, Debtor, for furnishing Miss Fanny Flighty's house in Newman-street!*—Why what the devil's all this? I know nothing of Miss Flighty's house in Newman-street.

Furn. I believe you have pass'd many a night there.

Whim. I pass the night at Miss Fanny Flighty's!

Furn. Don't think to deceive me, young gentleman—don't I know that you have not paid for the three last gigs you had?—that you have as many tricks as a juggler to chouse your creditors?—that you keep women in every corner of the town, and change them as often as your horses?

Whim. I can't tell what you may know—but curse me if I know a word of the matter.

Furn. This I know, that I will have my money.

Whim. So you may—but d——n me if you shall have any of mine.

Furn. Why, you brazen young dog!—you'll break your poor parent's heart.

Whim. I'll break your head first, however.
[*Attempting to strike him.*]

Enter

Enter SNAP.

Furn. Mr. Snap, there's your prisoner.

Snap. I ax your pardon, Master Furnish—he shall be no prisoner of mine—Why I find you have mistaken the father for the son—'Tis lucky the business stopt here—False imprisonment is a dangerous mistake in this land of liberty. [*Exit.*

Furn. False imprisonment! Bless me—why I met a fellow here, who told me a cock and a bull story about you—and yet as gentleman-like a man, with a red morning-gown and a gold-lac'd hat.

Whim. [*aside*] Eh! i'faith there is some trick in all this—My hat and gown have not been borrowed for nothing——[*to him*] but what a cursed fool must you be, to trust to appearances!

Furn. If I had trusted to your appearance, I should not have mistaken a gouty old rake of threescore for a young rake of two-and-twenty.

Whim. Why, you abusive dirty plebeian—you rascally vamer of crazy moveables—out of the house directly!

Furn. With all my heart—I'm sure I've no reason to like my company—only don't threaten me—if you dare to lay one of your rheumatic old bones upon my person—I'll knock you down, I will, egad—Remember, I'm an auctioneer—and to knock down a lot of old lumber is often a part of my business. [*Exit.*

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Whim. Oh! I am glad you are come—you must set off for home to-night.

Char. To-night, Sir!—

Whim. Aye, Ma'am—to-night—I have been plunder'd, abus'd, laugh'd at, and nearly arrested, all in the course of half an hour—" I have
" lost my morning-gown and my best hat—but
" I'll find my property, if it is in the house.

" *Char.* Dear Sir, what can they mean by a
" trick of that sort?

" *Whim.* Mean! why, to be witty, to be sure
" —I suppose there is some clever creature in the
" house, who, having no room for wit in his
" scull, has learnt to jest with his fingers"—I am
always treated thus whenever I visit this cursed
town—Thank Heaven, however, I shall be off in
an hour.—Let all the things be pack'd up again
—I'll just stay to recover my hat and gown—leave
a letter to tell Jack he is disinherited, and then
trundle into the country, where the people are
not sufficiently well bred to laugh at the follies of
their betters. [*Exit.*

Char. To-night, did my father say, we were to
set off?—" Perhaps he may order the chaise even
" before the hour I've appointed to elope with
" Monford"—Surely this is about the time Mon-
ford was to meet me here — but this unlucky ac-
cident!

Enter

Enter NANCY in Tears.

Nancy. Ah! Madam, I think there is nothing but unlucky accidents in this house—I know you're in love, Ma'am, as well as me—Tim told me all—we are such true lovers, that we never hide any thing from each other.

Char. Am I then betray'd?

Nancy. I hope not, Ma'am—I'm sure your sweetheart must be a vile fellow to betray such a pretty lady; and yet there is no answering for youth, when they get into company.

Char. What d'ye mean, child?

Nancy. Young men will be young men—but I didn't think Tim wou'd have serv'd me so, when he knew the consequences.

Char. [*aside*] Serve her so, when he knew the consequences!

Nancy. Oh, Ma'am, if you did but know my situation.—I tremble to think what a noise old mistrefs will make—I am sure the whole story will come out. Tim has got—got—got—[*sobbing.*]

Char. What? — poor girl, I pity her distrefs [*aside.*]

Nancy. But, perhaps, Ma'am, your gentleman has sometimes serv'd you just the same—I beg pardon.—

Char. My dear, you really—confuse me—so—what has he got?

Nancy. He has got—tipsey, Ma'am—and when

40 THE FIRST FLOOR:

he is tipsey he does not care what he does—" I
" know old mistress will find out that he and I
" are fallen in love together"—and here he comes,
I vow.

Char. How unlucky!—But he won't stay in
this room, will he?

Nancy. Indeed, Ma'am, I can't answer for
him.

Char. To say the truth, my dear girl—I en-
gag'd to meet my lover, as you call him, in this
very room, presently—Pray, contrive that I may
not be disappointed.

Nancy. I will, indeed, Ma'am, if I possibly can
—but Tim sometimes is so boisterous, I'm oblig'd to
let him do as he pleases—[*Exit Charlotte.*] Bless
me—when this love gets into one's head!—I shall
be scolded for not putting this room to rights—
[*lets down one of the window curtains; as she begins
to let down the other—*

TIM TARTLETT enters tipsey.

Tim. Oh, Nancy! my dear—sweet—pretty lit-
tle Nancy! tol de rol [*singing and dancing.*]

Nancy. Oh, Tim, how can you be so merry in
such a situation?

Tim. Vy every body is merry; and all is mer-
ry round me—The very tables and chairs dance—
and you know the old saying, ven one is at Rome,
one must do as Rome does.

Nancy. Pray sit down.

Tim. I will, as you ax me so civilly—[*sits down
in a chair.*] Oh, Nancy! how I do love you.

Nancy.

Nancy. Consider, Tim.—

Tim. I can't consider—I can do nothing but be in love—and one can do that without considering at all.

Nancy. I wish you wou'd go to-bed, my dear Tim—Do, take my advice.

Tim. I will, Nancy, my dear—I will take your advice.

Nancy. Come, then.

Tim. I am going—I am going.

Nancy. But you don't stir—Hark! I hear somebody on the stairs—make haste.

Tim. I will—I tell you I am going.

Nancy. Lord! if the old woman should catch me here—I am so frighten'd—here somebody comes, I vow—What shall I do?—I must e'en leave him to himself.— [Exit.]

Tim. Don't be in a hurry, my love—you see I am going—going—going——[falls asleep]

“ Enter MONFORD.

“ *Monf.* I can't conceive where Charlotte can
“ be—she ought to have been punctual at this
“ time, when the crisis of our fate approaches—
“ when—[Tim snores] Hey-day! what have we
“ here? my friend Timothy stopt short on his
“ journey to bed, and fallen asleep by the way—
“ Hush! I hear a noise on the stairs—let me
“ listen. [Retires.”]

Enter

Enter YOUNG WHIMSEY, on the other Side.

Y. Whim. Egad, I have had a hard chace of it—the old gentleman cou'd not have been warmer in the pursuit, if he had been hunting a petticoat—What the deuce is this? old Mother Pattypan's husband elect!—My father's voice again!—I should like to see the end of the joke—but where can I hide myself?—i'faith this window curtain wou'd keep me out of sight, and at the same time give me an opportunity of hearing what passes; and, lest Mr. Timothy should catch cold, I'll lend him my spoils to cover him, as I have no further use for them—*[lays the gown over Tim Tartlett, and puts the hat on his head]* But the sound seems to retire, I'll follow it. *[Exit.*

MONFORD comes forward.

Monf. There are voices on the stairs, sure enough—I must n't be seen here—and yet, if I quit the spot, I shall miss the opportunity of seeing Charlotte—but hold, a bustle again!—if a convenient closet cou'd be found now—not one in the room, by all that's unlucky!—however, here is a curtain will do just as well—*[Seems to listen at the corner of the scene, and Young Whimsey enters on the opposite side.]*

Y. Whim. *[Aside]* And now, having set all my puppets in motion, I retire behind the curtain, like a cunning statesman, from the storm I have rais'd. *[Y. Whimsey and Monford steal softly from opposite*

opposite sides of the stage, towards the curtain; and do not perceive each other till they are both on the point of concealing themselves behind it.]

Y. Whim. [*Aside*] Zounds! who is this?

Monf. Really, Sir, this is an extraordinary—a most unexpected visit.

“*Y. Whim.* I must own, Sir, it was not intended for you.

“*Monf.* I am at present peculiarly circumstanc’d.

“*Y. Whim.* Exactly my case.

“*Monf.*” I must beg you will quit these apartments immediately; you’ll pardon my abruptness.

“*Y. Whim.* Oh, dear Sir, make no apologies; it is not the first time I have been desired to quit these apartments—but constancy is my foible—I never could bear to leave my lodgings till I was turn’d out of them.

“*Monf.* [*Aside*] A strange fellow!—[*to him*]” I expect a person here presently, from whom I must be conceal’d.

Y. Whim. So do I.

Monf. And I have chosen this place for my retreat.

Y. Whim. There we agree, my dear Sir; “and here’s a curtain for each of us.”

Monf. Zounds! this impertinence.—

Y. Whim. Piano, my dear, Sir, piano!—If you must swear, let it be in a whisper—consider, you will discover yourself.—

Monf. [*Aside*] Egad, that’s very true.

44 THE FIRST FLOOR:

OLD WHIMSEY *without*.

I'll warrant you I'll ferret the dog out at last.

Y. Whim. There, Sir—you have no time to lose—we must pursue the old English policy—forget our private disputes, when the common enemy is at the door—and so, Sir, in we go.

[They go behind the curtain.]

Enter OLD WHIMSEY.

Whim. Where can this thief be hid! I am sure I have search'd the house from the cellar to the garret, as narrowly as if I had been bred an exciseman—*[seeing Tim.]* Oh! here is the facetious gentleman—asleep too; ha, ha!—"perhaps it is
" the perfection of humour to commit a robbery,
" and pretend to fall asleep with the stolen goods
" upon him." Come, my lad, you may as well open your eyes—it don't signify your sitting there, and snoring like a damag'd organ-pipe—Halloo!

Tim. [waking] Nancy, my dear Nancy—I am going.

Whim. Indeed you are not going—What are you, firrah?

Tim. A little tipsey, your honour.

Whim. How did you come by this hat and morning-gown?

Tim. I came by 'em! You should rather ask, how they came by *me*.

Whim. What made you sit down here?

Tim. Because I cou'd not stand.

Whim.

Whim. Quite intoxicated!—a thorough-bred rogue, I'll warrant him—How have you manag'd so long to escape hanging, firrah?

Tim. Your honour seems to have liv'd many years longer than me in the world, without an accident; and why shou'd not I have as good luck as my neighbours?

“*Whim.* Why you scurrilous—but your being tipsey is some excuse for your impertinence.

“*Tim.* Then if your honour was to get tipsey, you wou'd have some excuse for yours.”

Whim. Ha, ha!—he has a budget of jokes too—all second-hand, I suppose—stick to that, my boy—you'll find it much safer to steal jokes than gold-lac'd hats.

Tim. Well, your honour, I suppose you have no commands for me.

“*Whim.* No; I won't trouble you with any, as you won't obey them.—[*Sits down*]”

“*Tim.* As you have nothing further to say to me,” I'll e'en finish my nap.

Whim. By all means, my lad—and when you are sober, I wou'd have you exchange your wit, for a little honesty, if you can find any at market—good by t'ye. [Exit *Tim.*]

Y. Whim. [*Peeping from behind the curtain*] One of them is gone.

Whim. [*Aside.*] Eh! what's that?

Monf. [*Peeping from the other side of the curtain.*] Which of them is it?

Whim. [*Aside.*] Another voice!—There is more mischief going forward in this house.—I'll listen.

46 THE FIRST FLOOR:

—[*lays himself back in the chair, puts on the hat, and covers himself with the gown.*]

Y. Whim. The old gentleman is off—I don't hear his tongue—

Whim. [*Aside.*] It is my plague!—it is Jack, as I live.

Y. Whim. Yes, yes, here lies Tim, taking a second nap: “all dullness and finery, like an eastern prince at a masquerade.”—I perceive you are surpriz'd at his appearance—you must know I was his dresser.

Monf. You!

Y. Whim. In imitation of dame Fortune, I have depriv'd one man of what he really wanted, to lavish it on another, who had no use for it.

Monf. Well, Sir; as the circumstances under which we met prove that each of us have some reasons for wishing to be conceal'd at present—

Y. Whim. I'll e'en take my leave;—but before I go, upon my soul I long to have one knock at that rascal, who lies sleeping there—You must know, he has had the impudence to be my rival, with a devilish pretty little black-ey'd wench who twirls a mop in this house.

Whim. [*Aside*] Zounds! I believe the dog has discover'd me.

“*Y. Whim.* Do, let me fetch a horse-whip.

“*Whim.* A horse-whip! [*Aside.*] Oh!

“*Monf.* Consider, what a disturbance it will
“raise.

“*Y. Whim.* The rogue is so tipsy, he won't
“be able to tell who did it.

“*Monf.*

Monf. Consider the alarm."

Y. Whim. Do, let me fetch a horse-whip—I ask but for three cuts at him—only three cuts——Zounds! here come Mrs. Pattypan—Then I'm off—and Tim may sleep on in whole bones.

[*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. PATTYPAN.

Monf. [*To Mrs. Patt.*] Ah! Mrs. Pattypan—I suppose you are in search of your apprentice—there he sits, in a kind of double disguise, both of dress and liquor.

Mrs. Patt. Yes, yes, Sir, I have heard of it all; and shall give him a lecture on the subject.

[*Exit Monford.*

Whim. [*Aside.*] The devil!—it will be a fine joke against me to be discover'd in this situation—I'll e'en feign to be asleep.

Mrs. Patt. Oh, Tim Tartlett! I did mean to scold you—but your presence softens all my resentment.—“That old fool, our new lodger’s father, has been turning the house out at the window in search of his hat and morning-gown—which I see you had taken in a joke.—My dear Tim, you don’t answer me.”—Come, you must not be too bashful—you have to be sure taken a liberty, by your conduct this evening—but when a woman loves a man—she can pardon little liberties in him. [*taking his hand.*]

48 THE FIRST FLOOR:

Enter CHARLOTTE and MONFORD, with his arm round her waist, as if talking to her—Mrs. PATTYPAN starts, and OLD WHIMSEY discovers herself.

Mrs. Patt. Upon my word, ma'am, this intrusion—

Whim. Is a very agreeable intrusion, Mrs. Pattypan—I really began to be afraid of you.

Mrs. Patt. Afraid of me—but I won't be out of temper.

Char. I declare, I thought it was Mr. Timothy.

Mrs. Patt. “ [*aside*] Oh you did! yes, yes, “ they are going off to-night; but I'll watch “ them.”—Yes, ma'am, I thought it was Mr. Timothy too.—The old gentleman cou'd never suppose I meant to make love to *him*—ha! ha! ha!

Whim. Faith I don't know, Mrs. Pattypan—the love of some ladies is a kind of universal philanthropy—it extends to all mankind—[*Exit Mrs. Patt.*] And pray, Sir, did you think it was Mr. Timothy too?—In short, Monford, we have all passed a mighty agreeable evening, and it is now time to go to bed.—One word at parting—if you marry Mrs. Pattyman—you had better continue to keep a sharp look out after Mr. Timothy.—“ Depend upon it, you'll often meet with him where “ you don't expect to find him.”—So good-night t' ye. [*Exeunt Whimsey and Charlotte; and Monford on the opposite side.*]

SCENE

SCENE changes, and discovers the doors of four Rooms.

Enter YOUNG WHIMSEY and SIMON.

“ *Y. Whim.* A pretty scrape you have led me
“ into by your inattention, in not bringing me my
“ father’s letter—you blundering blockhead!

“ *Simon.* Indeed, your honour”—

Y. Whim. Rot your excuses—Let me see—you
say the gentleman who took shelter with me be-
hind the window-curtain, is Mr. Monford, my
sister Charlotte’s lover.

Simon. Yes, sir, and he is going to run away
with her this evening.

“ *Y. Whim.* How did you learn that?

“ *Simon.* Why he sent me to order a chaise at
“ the Red Lion. When I came there, who shou’d
“ I meet but Squire Monford’s servant, who was
“ come on the very same errand?—I guess’d what
“ the chaise was wanted for—but I said never a
“ word”—I know where they order’d the chaise.

Y. Whim. Then run back instantly to the inn,
and countermand Mr. Monford’s chaise in his
name—I’ll take the consequences—when the other
comes, tell the postboy to let me know—I’ll step
into the room which I find was intended for my
father—the old gentleman will hardly go into it,
as he does not mean to sleep there—be quick—
don’t lose a moment.

[*Exit Simon.*

[*Exit Young Whimsy into the first room.*

E

Enter

36 THE FIRST FLOOR:

Enter MONFORD and CHARLOTTE meeting.

Char. Oh! Monford—my father has order'd me to meet him in his room directly—the moment your chaise is ready come to me in my chamber—Remember that farthest door is mine, and don't venture to speak above a whisper. [*points to the door.*

Monf. My charmer—my Charlotte!

Char. Hush! this is not a time for fine speeches—I'm sure I hear my father's footsteps—I must be gone. [*Exeunt, different ways.*

Enter OLD WHIMSEY.

Whim. Ha! ha! ha! Well done, old Whimsey—who will pretend to deny that I am an excellent politician!—to set off at a moment's notice—without giving Monford the most distant inkling of my intentions!—Egad, I shall jockey them all; and leave Jack to pay for the lodgings as well as he can—and now I'll e'en retire to my own room, and wait for Charlotte. [*Goes into the room where his son is concealed—shuts the door.*

Enter Mrs. PATTYPAN.

Mrs. Patt. My young madam's door open!—That's the signal I suppose for Mr. Timothy to wait on her—but she is mistaken—at these years I think I know the value of a lover too well to lose him so easily—but I hear somebody coming, and I must not be seen here—I'll e'en step into my new lodger's room for a minute, till they are gone.

[*Exit into the second room.*

Enter

A F A R C E.

Enter MONFORD.

Monf. That must be Charlotte, by her tiptoe tread, and the rustling of her gown—but then why retire into my room instead of her own—I'll follow her however—the devil take the people, will they never be in bed in this house?

[Exit into the room where Mrs. Pattypan is gone.]

Enter TIM TARTLETT.

Tim. What shall I do!—I fear I am not quite sober yet; that plaguy old woman haunts me like a ghost—By jingo, I believe here she comes—Where shall I hide myself?—Here is a door open, i'faith—any port in a storm, they say.

[Exit into the third room, and shuts the door.]

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. I think the whole house is now at rest, except our faithful Nancy.—My father is undoubtedly in his own chamber—My door is shut; so Monford is certainly gone into my room—Lud, I'm so frighten'd—I wish I were safe out of the house.

[Exit into the room where Tim Tartlett is gone.]

Enter SIMON and the POSTBOY.

Simon. I'll bring you to my master, my lad—he'll give you his orders here.

Postboy. I suppose his honor pays handsomely—

THE FIRST FLOOR:

travels with a silver spur, eh!—I've all my paces—from eighteen pence to five shillings a stage—But where is the gentleman?

Simon. I'faith that's more than I can tell—perhaps he is in his bed-chamber—but which it is of those rooms I'm sure I don't know—Stay here a moment, while I step down stairs and enquire.

[*Exit.*

Postboy. And so I'm to kick my heels here while he is looking for his master, and my horses standing in the street all the while.—I'll e'en try all the doors—I shall find the right one at last [*Knocking at each of the doors in turn*] Nobody answers—not me, if I don't believe the people are all asleep—Halloo! gentlefolks!—the chaise is ready—[*cracking his whip*] [*All the doors fly open at once, and the several persons who had concealed themselves in the rooms come out.*]

Whim. [*taking Jack Whimsey's hand*] Come along, Charlotte—come along—Hey-day!—how did you come here, you dog? [*looking round him*] and you?—and you?—

Char. Heavens! we are discover'd! [*turning round, and seeing Tim*] Bless me! Mr. Timothy!

Mrs. Patt. Yes, Ma'am—you are discover'd, indeed.

Monf. Mr. Whimsey!—I'm really all confusion!

Whim. Yes, faith—so the rest of the company seem to be.—Here we are—fat and lean—old and young—pair'd as badly as the city train-bands at

a Lord Mayor's show—But how the devil we came here in couples, seems as yet to remain a secret.

Mrs. Patt. I can explain it—Your shameless daughter seduced the affections of my intended husband; and has attempted to tear him from my arms.

Whim. Tear him from *your* arms!—Egad, I shou'd think that no easy matter, Mrs. Pattypan, if you were resolved to hold him fast.

Monf. I believe, Sir, my confession will explain every thing to you.—I own I did intend to elope with Miss Charlotte this evening.

Whim. Very obliging of you, indeed—to make a confession, when your scheme is discover'd—I have seen a highwayman do as much just before his execution.

X. Whim. Then, Sir, as execution follows confession—let them be tied up directly—*with Benefit of Clergy.*

Tim. Suppose you and I follow the example, Mistrefs!—I believe my hour is come; and so the sooner I am out of my pain, the better.

Mrs. Patt. Then Tim is constant, after all.

Tim. Ah! Mistrefs, that I am—[*Sighing.*]

Char. My dear father will not let me petition in vain.

X. Whim. Nay—Nancy will join her entreaties; and then, Sir, you will a second time be between two fires.

Whim.

54 THE FIRST FLOOR.

Whim. Ah! rot your two fires!—the dog has me fast—I dare not refuse my consent; and so, Monford, take my daughter; but curse me, if I intended you shou'd have had her.—As for you, Mrs. Pattypan—may you find marriage like one of your own tarts, with no more acid in in, than is just enough to render the sweets more poignant.—To crown your satisfaction, may your lodgings never remain empty; and may every friend who takes a peep at the First Floor, honour it with their *approbation.*

F I N I S.

